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"Wild Honey"

Rev. S. W. Frost

"Wild Honey"

BY THE

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Etc., Etc.

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Sacred

Help Me Or I Die

OH my Father, I'm so weary,
The way is long, life is dreary,
I falter, I tremble, I'm afraid,
O God, my Father, grant me thine aid.

I fain would strive for the wondrous prize,
But that I should fail is no surprise,
Without Thee and Thy guiding hand,
And Jesus, how can I stand?

The sorrows of life and its distress,
Closer and closer around me press,
O Lord, help me or I die,
Jesu, Jesu, hear my cry.

The Home of My Soul

FROM the conflict and turmoil of earth,
My soul ever strives to flee,
To its home in Thy bosom, O Lord,
It hungers and thirsts for Thee.

It cannot, my God, from Thee remain,
And travel in ways apart,
Like a turtle dove 'twill aye be found,
Homing its way to Thy heart.

Though it stray afar it must return,
To its home in Thy great heart,
It cannot for long from Thee survive,
For of Thee it is a part.

NOTE—St. Augustine says:

The soul of man has been made for God and must be for ever restless until it rest in Him.

Rejoice

BIRDS make the welkin ring and ring,
With their songs of joy and gladness,
The lambkins gamble all the spring,
For nature knows naught of sadness.
Ye children of the Heavenly King,
Don't you be oppressed with sadness,
But let every thought and word and deed,
Be bright and sparkling with gladness.
The Christ, He came to bring to us,
And to all creation,—gladness,
There's not a word in all His laws,
Bidding His children to sadness.
Of all God's creatures, there's never one,
That has greater cause for gladness,
If we will only think of all His love,
'T will banish forever,—sadness.
Don't let the little birds of the air,
Or the lambkin or the dove,
Put us to shame for ingratitude,
To God for all His love.
So "rejoice with them that do rejoice,"
He urges us on to gladness,
"Again I say unto you rejoice,"
For in God there is no sadness.

I Wonder

I WONDER if it's true, that in some region bright,
There really is a land filled with pure delight
Where you and I with our load of care,
Can rest and ne'r worry how things fare,
Where we truly can find joy and peace,
And from our sorrows obtain release?

Will all anxiety be at an end,
With never a pang from a traitorous friend,
Never a rupture with those we love best,
Nor sharp pointed dagger hidden in jest?
Oh, if there be such a place for you and me,
Hasten the day when to it we can flee.

Hope on, languish not thou weary soul,
Beyond this life with its sordid goal,
There is a land of beauty so bright,
That there's no room for darkness and night,
There rest eternal holds it's sway,
Sorrow and pain dare not come that way.

A Prayer

MY God, my Father,
Each and every day,
Further and further,
I wander away.

Away from Thy love,
Astray from Thy care,
E'en in fastnesses,
Dark, dreary and bare.

Succor and keep me,
Thou God of my life,
Ever defend me,
Through this world of strife.

YOUTH.

Jesu, I'm an untried youth,
Unfit for war or fray,
Be Thou my guide and guardian,
And teach me how to pray.

MANHOOD.

O Saviour, Thou hast brought me through,
The burning fires of youth,
Be Thou my help and stand beside,
While I fight for Thy truth.

OLD AGE.

My Saviour, God and Friend Divine,
I've lived my fourscore years,
Into Thy hands do I resign,
My soul so full of fears.

God's Own Temple

THE woods are God's own temple,
Through their aisles all clad in green,
The solemn rays of the cool dim light,
Spread over all a soft sheen.

The birds in their leaf covered bower,
Lead the praise with their silvery notes,
And ever the vernal arches ring
With songs from their quivering throats.

The wind plays the harp Aeolian,
As it glides through the twigs of the trees,
The hum of the bee swells the sylvan strain,
As their basso floats o'er the breeze.

The flower bestrewn grass makes a carpet,
Where the soundless footstep falls,
Its perfume is the breath of incense,
That floats through the temple halls.

Patriotic

Democracy's Deathless Heroes

MUFFLE the boom of the rolling drum,
Silence the blare of the trumpet.
How quiet their steps as they march along,
Hush, 'tis the army erstwhile of our song,
We review the deathless army.

These are the shades of strong men and true,
Who gave their lives for me and you.
Stand to the curb, Salute, Salute!
These are the men you dare not refute;
These are Democracy's Heroes.

Heroes whose lives will for aye be writ
Not alone with the honored and brave,
But in the lives of all future babes,
Telling of a world they died to save.
Democracy's deathless Heroes.

Honor today the shades of these men,
Above all heroes of ancient ken,
Give them honor with silent acclaim,
For they are worthy of Eternal Fame.
Heroes for everlasting.

Sentimental

The Irish Lover's Lament

Tune—"In the Gloaming."

IN the quiet of the twilight,
When the west is all aglow,
And the hush of evening shadows,
Seem to whisper soft and low.

Then to thee my thoughts stray, sweetheart,
To the days I loved you so,
Thrilled am I as if I saw you,
In love's young morning years ago.

Oh, my heart is filled with anguish,
Yes, my eyes o'erflow with tears,
That your separation from me
Should have lengthened into years.

Come, I pray of thee, my darling,
Back to home with me again,
For I love thee and adore thee,
Let my prayer not be in vain.

Home Sweet Home

OH, for a glimpse of my cottage home,
That stands by the side of the sea,
Where breezes whisper and seem to moan,
As if they were calling me.

Calling to me who has wandered far,
Over hill and valley and plain,
Yet distance can never that picture mar,
Of the home by the boundless main.

Oh, that I had the wings of a dove,
To fly o'er the space in between,
Naught could keep me from the home I love,
Its equal can nowhere be seen.

Oh Rest Beside the Weary Road

PEARL of my heart, let's go to the mountains,
Where there are sparkling streams and cool fountains,
Where we may watch the world go by,
While we can rest, without a sigh.
The ripple of our laughter shall echo around,
Joining with the music of the stream seaward bound.
There all our days will be calm and sweet,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet.
Our tensioned nerves can be all unstrung,
As we lay and bask in the warm sun.
Nothing to worry, no petty strife,
Such as seethes and frets in the marts of life.
Come for awhile to the majestic mountains,
To rest and gain strength beside their cool fountains.

Mother Darling

I WISH to talk with you tonight,
Mother dear,
Though you have been at rest this many a year.
Yet Mother dear, though the years have flown,
And far o'er the world I have wandered from home,
I feel and know thou art ever near,
And at my call will lend thine ear.

Mother darling, patient, kind and true,
I have a strange request to make of you:
I want you to place on my fevered brow,
Your cool soothing hand,—you know just how,
And croon me a song as in days of old,
And call me a lamb of Jesu's fold.

And at the sound of that lullaby,
Bid the long stretch of years roll by.
Obliterate all that's gone before,
Let me be your little wee child once more.
Oh, Mother dear, my heart seems breaking,
Life's struggle of me a devil is making.

Come, Mother dear, from the realms above,
Call me once more your own little dove.
Make me forget the struggle and pain,
Let me be pure and childlike again.
Come from the spirit land and sing me to sleep,
Bid me forget as I fall into slumber deep.

Nature

To the Pasque Flower

(Anemone patens)
Commonly called the Prairie Crocus.

THOSE stars around Orion we see,
The clusters in the Pleiade,
Or the diamond dust strewing the Milky Way,
Are eclipsed by the glory of a warm spring day,
When the prairie billows blossom forth,
With the exquisite beauty of the flower of the north.

Above the fruitful plain,
Soon to wave with golden grain,
This delicate chalice so graceful and frail,
Is fit to stand for the Holy Grail,
Which Arthur of old and his valiant knights,
In seeking for rose to such valorous heights.

New Mown Hay

WHEN the evening sunset lingers,
On the hills out in the west,
As though it loathed to leave the world,
With its affection unexpressed
For the fields of new mown hay.

When the softening mists of evening,
O'er the fragrant meadows sweep,
Tell me where in the wide, wide, world,
You can find anything half so sweet,
As a field of new mown hay?

They may rave about their apple blossoms,
In the merry month of May,
But those pink blossoms never can compare,
To the witching smell of hay.
Oh, the smell of new mown hay!

The Cowboy's Love Song

I WAS riding across the prairie,
When the roundup was in swing,
There the critters were being branded,
What a din!
You could hear the reckless cowboys,
As they roped the frightened steers,
Singing proudly to their sweethearts
On the hill.

Chorus—
When the cactus is ablooming,
Out across the prairie wide,
I'll come riding back
To woo you for my bride,
For I love you little fairy,
When I'm riding don't be scary,
When the cactus is ablooming,
You'll be mine.

Aye, your dark eyes they'll be with me,
When I'm round the campfire bright,
They will be as shining stars
In the night,
Never fear but rest serenely,
For remember I promised really,
When the cactus is ablooming,
You'll be mine.

Chorus—Repeat.

Daybreak at Sea

OVER the cold mysterious waters,
In the silence of the early dawn,
The restless leaden breakers ever roll,
Before the light of the coming morn.

On the dark horizon clouds are breaking,
Shadows and darkness begin to flee,
Before the glorious sun's uprising,
E'er the light's reflected in the sea.

Then, when the sun appears on the skyline,
And has dispersed the dark from the deep,
With a tender kiss and a warm embrace,
He awakens the world from her sleep.

The Robin's Love Song

SEE, my love,
The catkins are swaying,
Bluebells are arraying
All the lea.
Can't you see?
The spring is now waking,
From winter's long waiting,
Sweetheart, come thou to me.

Hark, my love,
Why will you tarry?
Why not me marry?
Do not fear,
Don't you hear?
All nature is mating,
What do we waiting?
Sweetheart, come thou to me.

The Birth of Spring

CLOUDS scudded across the riven sky,
Lightning flashed and quivered on high,
The thunder rolled, then died with a sigh.

The heavens themselves were rent asunder,
And the night was dark and filled with wonder,
For nature seemed to have made some blunder.

The morning brought in a sweet repose,
The majestic sun grandly uprose,
Tinting the sky like a new blown rose.

Crocuses opened their petals free,
And a bird trilled softly from its tree,
Spring was born, 'twas glorious to see.

Look Unto the Hills

OUT across the darkening bay,
As twilight closed the parting day,
Towered aloft majestic mountain peaks,
Around their base the lurking shadow creeps.

Above the mist arose a snowclad summit,
By the evening sun all rosy tinged and lit,
Noble, yet rugged, wonderful and grand,
Giving this message to all the land.

"Rise from the lowlands filled with marsh and mire,
Lift up your heart, ennoble your desire,
There's wondrous majesty on every hand,
Man was not made to take a lowly stand."

In the Twilight

WE sit in the dim of the twilight,
Looking out over the sea,
The wind it gently whispers,
In the top of the tall pine tree.

Not a sound disturbs the stillness,
While the sun goes down in the west,
Only birds are twittering softly,
As they settle into their nest.

Below us there lays the ocean,
It ripples and sparkles as bright
As a school of fish in motion,
In the glaze of the pale moon light.

The restful hush of the twilight,
Stirs our dreamy thoughts and we see
In the silhouettes of the landscape,
Castles of the past and to be.

We smile at the turmoil of youth,
And at struggles now past, ah me!
For the peace of the twilight sooths to rest,
And brings content with the things that be.

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